

# **Alby**

by

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FADE IN.

BLACK SCREEN:

NARRATOR(O.S)  
Your life is based on a series of decisions. Some are a little tougher than others, and in high school, some people need more help than others to make them.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GUIDANCE - DAY

The camera begins to pan over to find the guidance department.

NARRATOR  
Luckily, there are people to help you make these decisions.

The camera stops its pan at the guidance office.

A smash cut to black.

NARRATOR  
Oh, no. Not them. These are bigger decisions: Fulfilling life-dreams. And for that you need your Guardian Angel.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A large crowd of students are walking through the hallways, just another normal day.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
This is the average hallway. The way you see it. But, underneath the surface...

The scene continues, but next to every kid, people in all white clothing appear. They are suits, as if they are at an average commuter job. Girls are also wearing nice attire. The difference between them and normal people is that they all have white stripes on their sleeves.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
This is what we see. Those people are guardian angels. You can't see us except in times of emergency.

INT.GYM CLASS-MIDDLE SCHOOL

A middle school gym class is playing dodgeball but a kids guardian angel is blocking him completely and not letting him get hit by an dodge balls.

NARRATOR (CON'T)  
Some angels may be slightly overprotective.

GUARDIAN ANGEL #1  
 No! No! No! No! Don't worry, Timmy, I  
 got you!

Guardian Angel catches a dodgeball and spikes it at a child.

INT.CLASSROOM

A high school student is taking a test and their guardian angel  
 is feeding them the answers.

NARRATOR(CON'T)  
 Some may cheat a little.

INT. HALLWAY-WHS

Kids walking around the hallway with their respective guardian  
 angels all who are all dressed exactly the same way.

NARRATOR (CON'T)  
 But, no matter what every single guard-  
 ian angel cares deeply in whom it is  
 they watch over...

INT. ALBY'S ROOM

The camera pans in on a snoring, sun glasses wearing, very messy  
 looking angel. His name is ALBY.

NARRATOR(CON'T)  
 And then...there's well....Alby...which  
 is where our story begins...

MONTAGE: ALBY

-A kid is being ridiculed in class. The camera pans behind him  
 to find ALBY, asleep in his chair. He is unkempt and looks like  
 a typical Seth Rogan character.

-Another kid being bullied. The camera pans over to find Alby  
 flirting with other women guardian angels.

INT.ANGEL BUILDING

We see Alby in the elevator accompanied with THE DEVIL, dressed in  
 an intimidating all red with horns. There is an awkward lull between  
 Alby and the Devil.

ALBY  
 Hey...so are you going up or...?

DEVIL  
 ...No...

-Alby walks into work where all Guardian angels report to. This  
 area mainly consists of an all white background. It has a normal

building feeling, as if it is a law firm. It is a sober atmosphere, almost silent.

INT. HEAD ANGEL OFFICE

Alby enters the Head Angel's office. It is a room dressed mostly in all white. He approaches the desk and sits down on the chair in front of it. The chair is facing the opposite direction so that Alby is unable to see the Head Angels face.

ALBY  
Bakale...you wanted to see me?

BAKALE  
(still not facing Alby)  
Ahh, Alby of course.

The Head Angel swivels around in his chair revealing himself to be MR. BAKALE wearing a tight all white clothing sporting an awkwardly placed halo on his head.

BAKALE  
Thanks for coming down on such short notice. Brownie?

Bakale holds out a plate of brownies to Alby.

ALBY  
I'm all set.

BAKALE  
Oh c'mon! Made with extra sugar and friendship and my secret ingredient.

ALBY  
Really I'm-

BAKALE  
I won't stop until you try one...

ALBY  
Alright, fine.

Alby reluctantly takes a brownie from Bakale's plate.

BAKALE  
Well, now that I've given you your sugar. It's time to get your spice.

Alby double takes.

ALBY  
Wait, what?

BAKALE  
The big guy upstairs thinks that it's...

Alby spits out his brownie into his hand.

ALBY  
Oh god!

BAKALE  
...Yes, that's him so what I-

ALBY  
Are their walnuts in these?! Ehh!

BAKALE  
We're gonna have to let you go...and  
yes, there are.

ALBY  
I don't believe this!

BAKALE  
Wait, the walnuts or that you're fired?

ALBY  
You can't fire me. I've been one of  
your top guardian angels for 50 years!

BAKALE  
First off, there is no "top" guardian  
angel. We don't believe in hierarchies  
here.

ALBY  
Oh Bull! I was the best and you know  
it.

BAKALE  
Ya see, THERE right there that's ex-  
actly what I mean! It's statements like  
that. It's all about you. You need to  
forget about "you" and start caring for  
your students more.

ALBY  
(clearly has no idea  
how to defend himself  
from that)  
That is just so...just...not...true at  
all...I care if anything...more than  
the others.

BAKALE  
Oh yeah? Let's talk about little Jimmy  
Erker.

ALBY  
Let's not.

BAKALE

(reading from a manilla folder)  
 His Goal: To scale the rope course in the town forest to prove that he still could.

BAKALE (CONT'D)  
 (to Alby)  
 The only thing you had to do was give him a few pep talks and help him out with the harness a little bit and make him think he was doing the whole thing himself. **Instead-**

ALBY  
 Alright.

BAKALE  
 You let him get stuck at the top of a tree. It took the firemen two hours to get him down. The incident was the cover story of that months issue of The Rebellion.

Bakale holds out a copy of The Rebellion showing a picture of MR. ERKER crying while holding on to a tree. The headline reads "Erker the Tearjerker".

BAKALE (CONT'D)  
 And that was just in 1962. Look at him today.

He holds up a more modern Rebellion paper, and on the cover Erker is leaning against a wall with a leather jacket, smoking candy cigarettes. A 1950's-esque greaser among modern gangsters.

BAKALE (CONT'D)  
 And from then, there was Eddie Connor in 1980, his life-dream of being a the Tonight Show Host.

ALBY  
 Well, I mean, Mr. Connor's Corner is pretty close.

Bakale's face has a look of disgust.

BAKALE  
 Hardly. Listen, Alby, let me put it to you straight. Your outcomes...they suck. Erker was just one of many others. It's time to let you go, but there are always openings in the mail room! I'm sure my buddy Frank over there could always use some help.

Bakale gestures towards a boy named FRANK, the mail boy. He is surrounded by envelopes and various other envelopes. Alby turns around in his seat towards Frank.

FRANK  
Hi, Alby!

ALBY  
Dear, god, no.

A particularly well dressed looking angel stands in the doorway of the office carrying a chipotle bag. This is SPADER.

SPADER  
What's the matter, Alby? You think you're too good for the mailroom, is that it?

Alby rolls his eyes and doesn't even turn around to look at Spader. It is clear that he is not a fan.

ALBY  
Spader.

BAKALE  
Look who it is?!

(points towards the  
chipotle bag Spader is  
holding)  
That bag of chipotle wouldn't be for me, would it?

SPADER  
It would!

Spader gives Bakale the bag of chipotle.

BAKALE  
Oh, stop it! You are just too much!  
Thank you so much!

ALBY  
(under his breath)  
Suck up.

SPADER  
What's that, Alby?

ALBY  
I said I like your tie.

SPADER  
Ya know, I'm real sorry to hear about you being let go. It's all they've been talking about in the mailroom.

ALBY

Wait, wha-?

(He then realizes)  
FRANK!

SPADER  
Oh, don't be mad at him, Alby. This is a great wake up call for you if anything! It isn't too late to change. Ya know, there is an old saying. I believe it's "Change yourself and fortune will change with you."

BAKALE  
That was a very insightful thing for you to say, Spader. Thank you for that.

ALBY  
Yeah, well there's another old saying: "idiotsayswhat?"

SPADER  
What?

ALBY  
HA!

He sits back confidently, assuming he won the battle.

SPADER  
That's real cute, Alby. Maybe one day we can ask Bakale here if it would be okay if I take you along to observe what it really takes to be a guardian angel. Wouldn't that be fun?

ALBY  
I'm not seven, thanks though.

SPADER  
I see. Well, I must be off. I mean, **someone** should be doing their job. Bakale, it's, of course, always a great pleasure...Alby.

Spader exits.

ALBY  
Alright, listen. Now you've got to give me one last chance.

BAKALE  
Alby, c'mon-

ALBY  
No, No just wait. Give me anybody, and I mean ANYBODY. I will get them to their number one dream goal.

Bakale takes a moment to think about it.

BAKALE  
Their number one goal, huh?

ALBY  
That's right. Their number one goal.

BAKALE  
Alright, Alby, you've got one week. To get whoever I give you to their number one goal. One shot. No re-dos. You mess this one up and you're forever sentenced to mailing with Frank.

Alby turns around towards Frank again. Frank frantically waves at Alby with an envelope stuck to his hand. Alby turns back around towards Bakale.

ALBY  
(sighs)  
Okay. I can accept that.

BAKALE  
Now come take a look at your kid.

Bakale violently types on his keyboard. Alby goes behind Bakale's desk to see who it is.

ALBY  
Him?!

SMASH CUT.

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

We pan in on a semi-clean room. On the wall, there are posters of Patrick Swayze, Kevin Bacon, John Travolta, FlashDance, Singing in the Rain, Whitney Houston and Black Swan.

MONTAGE: CARY GOING TO SCHOOL

-An alarm clock sounds. Cary gets up and stretches and smiles. He almost runs to his radio and turns it on. Immediately, a peppy, cheery, and bright song comes on. He grins and starts to sway as he picks up clothes to dress for the day.

-Cary dances into a hallway, passing a bunch of hampers with clothes in them. He takes clothes out of them and throws them around the hallway, as if in a musical. He keeps a shirt and a pair of pants. He walks out of the hall. His dad walks in.

DAD  
(angrily)  
EVERY MORNING!

-A quick shot of Cary spinning by a table, grabbing an apple.

-A quick shot of Cary dancing into his dining room and grabs his text book.

-Cary's Mom looks up, and spies him dancing awfully.

MOM

Can't you learn how to dance before you do that ugly moving in front of me?

CARY

(still dancing)

Maybe if you gave me some support, my happy feet would take some serious form.

-Spins out of the door, ready for the day.

-He tries to pirouette from his front porch but instead completely wipes out. His apple and text books go everywhere. Cary lays on the ground moaning in pain for a considerable amount of time.

-Cary runs to catch the bus but it drives away just before he is able to get to it. Cary shrugs and proceeds to start walking to school.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE-LATER THAT MORNING

Cary walks into the attendance office looking almost too sweaty after having to walk to school. He goes to sign in.

MRS. CLINTON

Woah, woah there Cary. This is your fourth tardy in just two weeks. I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to write you up.

CARY

Well, I mean you don't HAVE to write me up do...do you?

MRS. CLINTON

I'm afraid so. You have an hour today right after school...and those are women's pants, by the way.

CARY

Oh, c'mon! Wait, what?

He looks down to check his pants.

CARY

Dammit!

INT. HISTORY CLASS-5 MINUTES LATER

MS. FARRELL is talking to her history class that seems very less than excited about taking a quiz.

FARRELL

If Britney Spears can survive 2004, you can survive this quiz!

Cary uncomfortably walks into the class trying not to be noticed. He is wearing a sweatshirt tied around his waist as an attempt to hide the fact that he is wearing women's pants. It is not long at all until he is noticed by Ms. Farrell.

FARRELL

Greenwright! What do you think you're doing walking into my class twenty-five minutes late without a pass? That's some awk sauce, Greenwright!

CARY

I have a pass from the attendance office.

He hands Ms. Farrell the pass.

FARRELL

Alright, have a seat. And if you think that by wearing that sweatshirt around your waist you're hiding the fact that you're wearing women's pants...you're crazy.

CARY

Oh, god.

Cary sinks down into his seat in embarrassment.

FARRELL

I like the look though, it's very nineties soccer mom.

The class all laughs at Cary. Cary then slinks even more into his seat.

INT.HALLWAY-LATER THAT DAY

Cary is walking down the ramp going towards the cafeteria. When his friend, PETEY, catches up to him.

PETEY

Hey! Cary! Wait up! What's up, man?

CARY

Hey Petey, do you have to make such a scene?

PETEY

Oh sorry, bro. Hey what's this about you and Ms. Skwar wearing the same pants?

CARY

Wha-What? People are saying that? I was in a rush this morning because I fell in the toilet so I just grabbed whatever was on top of the hamper!

PETHEY

Hey, man, don't shoot the messenger.

Cary walks towards the board by the guidance office. He takes off the sign about Dance Company.

PETHEY

Dude, what are you doing? Dance company? What are you thinking about auditioning?

CARY

No, Petey. What, a guy can't just look at signs anymore without being asked if he wants to audition for dance company?

PETHEY

Well, it's not really an irrelevant point. I mean that is a sign for Dance Company.

CARY

Hey, Leslie!

A girl named, LESLIE walks by. Cary clearly has a crush on her.

LESLIE

Hi, Cary. Nice pants.

CARY

Thanks! You too!

PETHEY

You know you just said that you liked her pants, right?

CARY

(embarrassed)  
Yes, I'm aware.

PETHEY

You wanna join dance co. Because Leslie does it don't you?!

CARY

That is just so...like, not even kind of...You're just the worst. I can't talk to you right now. These pants are

too tight around my calves and it's giving me a headache. I'm going to the nurse. Goodbye, Petey.

Cary walks away.

PETEY

Alright, man, I'll see you later.

INT. NURSES OFFICE

Cary walks into the nurses office. MRS. KELLER is sitting at her desk.

CARY

Hi, I'm Cary Greenwright, I've been having a really bad headache. Do you think I can just go lay down for a little bit.

MRS.KELLER

Yes. That should be okay.

Cary goes to walk into the next room to rest. He lies down on one of the beds and shuts his eyes.

INT. NURSES REST ROOM-15 MINUTES LATER

Cary is now waking up from his nap. We see things through a blurry lens from his POV. Above him appears to be Alby.

ALBY

Cary Greenwright?

CARY

AHH!

ALBY

That a yes?

CARY

...Yeah...what? Who are you?

ALBY

I'm Alby. I'm your guardian angel. Nice to meet you.

CARY

What? What are talking about?

Cary turns away from Alby for a second. Alby appears right next to Cary.

CARY

Ahh! How'd you do that?

ALBY

Ummm...angel.

CARY  
I'm getting out of here!

Cary runs hastily out of the room and out of the nurses office.  
Alby sighs.

INT. LOBBY BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

Cary runs into the bathroom and sees Alby waiting for him.

ALBY  
(smirking)  
Wuz up?

Cary turns around to run out of the bathroom but as soon as he turns around he finds himself face to face with Alby.

CARY  
AHH!

ALBY  
Even though this is fun I'm running on a deadline here. So I'm gonna need you to pull yourself together. Do you understand me?

Cary is too overwhelmed to say anything. He is just breathing heavily.

ALBY  
Breathe heavily to show me that you understand.

Cary continues to breathe heavily.

ALBY  
Alright, good. Do you have an inhaler or something? I'm just gonna go ahead and assume that you have one.

Cary nods his head and pulls an inhaler out of his pocket and starts to use it.

ALBY  
Okay, there you go. That's it.

CARY  
So you're my...my...

ALBY  
Guardian angel, yeah.

CARY  
(still trying to pull himself together)

Oh okay...cool...so I-

ALBY  
Please don't throw up-

Not even a beat after Alby finishes his sentence, Cary pukes right in front of him.

ALBY  
Ehh okay. My fault...should've seen that one coming...Literally a toilet like three feet from here but yeah, no, that's fine.

INT. CAFETERIA-AFTER SCHOOL

Cary and Alby are now in hours. Cary sits across from Alby.

CARY  
So...like how does this work? Are you like a genie? Do you like grant me wishes and stuff like that?

ALBY  
Alright take all of what you just said...and throw it away. Literally I can do none of that.

CARY  
Oh well, So what is it exactly that you do?

ALBY  
Good question! I'm here to help guide you to achieve your number one dream goal!

CARY  
Like dream goal...like wha-what is that?

ALBY  
Oh c'mon now, It's the one thing that you want more than anything else. And I sir, am how you get it. Their's gotta be something that you want. C'mon give me anything I can do it.

CARY  
Well...there's this girl...

ALBY  
Excellent! I can do that no problem, who is she the captain of the cheer-

leading team? Field hockey captain? You guys don't have the same name, do you?

CARY

What? No, and it's not just that...I really want her to like me and I've always wanted to dance...

ALBY

Oh no...

CARY

I want to be the star dancer of the dance company and I want Leslie to like me and I figure that if I do dance company with her...I could maybe...I don't know...have a chance with her...

ALBY

...and this girl-

CARY

Leslie.

ALBY

Yeah, whatever, this Leslie girl does dance company too?

CARY

Yes.

ALBY

So...just so I understand this. You want to get this girl to like you...by joining this dance company thing?

CARY

Yes.

ALBY

(looking up to the  
"heavens")

You really make nothing easier.

CARY

Just forget about it...I don't know what I was thinking. I just thought since...you just showed up today it was like some sort of sign...but just never mind...

ALBY

Alright, alright, don't get all Lifetime-mey on me now. This isn't that bad. We can do this.

CARY

We can?

ALBY  
Yeah, man, no worries.

INT. CLOSET- LATER THAT DAY

Alby is alone in a closet with a laptop talking with Bakale via Skype.

ALBY  
I can't do this!

BAKALE  
You were the one that said that you could do this, remember? It's this or the mailroom with Frank!

Frank then tries to push his head in on the conversation.

FRANK  
Hi Alby!

BAKALE  
(trying to push Franks  
head out of the shot)  
Frank, will...will you get out of here!  
Go put something in an envelope!

ALBY  
He wants to get some girl to like him by joining some dancing club which I can only assume consists of all girls.

BAKALE  
No excuses! No matter how hopeless and pathetic this boy may be. Your future lies on his sweaty and pathetic shoulders! Don't mess this up!

ALBY  
But he's just so-

BAKALE  
I have spoken! Bakale Out!

It is made to believe that Bakale has just hung up on Alby.

ALBY  
(sighs)  
Dammit.

BAKALE  
Wait...I'm still here...how...how do I hang this up?

ALBY  
Oh...you just...there should be a button.

BAKALE

Well, yes, there are several buttons  
but the question is which one do I-  
FRANK! How do I turn this off?

We here Frank's voice from a distance.

FRANK(O.S)

There should be like a button-

BAKALE

Well, no duh, there's a button genius.  
It's just which one do I-

The call hangs up. Bakale has clearly figured out how to turn off Skype.

Alby takes a moment to think. He then throws the computer off of his lap in a small rage.

INT. CARY'S ROOM- THE NEXT MORNING

Cary's alarms goes off the time reads "4:30".

CARY

What the-?

A tired Cary struggles to turn off the alarm.

ALBY

Happy Tuesday! Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! You  
wanna be a dancer, ya gotta train like  
one!

Alby is in full on work out gear sporting a sweatsuit with a matching head band.

CARY

No. I'm going back to sleep.

ALBY

Not now you're not. Now we're going for  
4 mile run and THEN we zumba!

CARY

We what?

ALBY

Don't worry I googled it. It's legit.  
Let's go.

Alby slow jogs out of the room.

A moment passes and Cary just lays still in his bed. Alby slow jogs back into the room and completely flips over Cary's mattress.

CARY  
Ahhh!

ALBY  
Oh you're awake! Great! Training starts  
now, Billy Elliot.

Cary grabs his pillow and yells into it.

MONTAGE: CARY'S TRAINING

-Cary and Alby are both running very early in the morning. Cary is out of breath and continually stops to use his inhaler.

-Cary and Alby are attending a zumba class. Cary is struggling to keep up. Alby is just sitting and watching.

INT. CARY'S HOUSE-DINING ROOM

ALBY  
Alright, pretend I'm Leslie. Talk to me.

CARY  
What?

ALBY  
You wanna dance with a girl. You gotta learn how to talk to one first. Baby steps. Let's go. Say nice things to me.

CARY  
Oh ummm...

ALBY  
Just do it!

CARY  
Ahhh you have nice-

Alby slaps him in the face.

ALBY  
How dare you.

CARY  
I was gonna say eyes!

ALBY  
Don't start off so creepy. No one says that.

EXT.ROAD-EARLY MORNING

-Cary and Alby are running yet again. Cary stops to use his inhaler. Alby grabs Cary's inhaler and throws it.

CARY  
 (out of breath)  
 What are you-?

ALBY  
 Go get it.

Cary frantically runs after the inhaler. Alby looks up at the "heavens" and blesses himself.

INT. ZUMBA CLASS

-Cary is killing it on the zumba floor, while all of the other people in the class take notice.

INT. CARY'S DINING ROOM

Alby is still role playing as Leslie.

CARY  
 So, what else do you like to do?

ALBY  
 I like to watch TV.

CARY  
 Oh my god! I have a TV in my basement!  
 We should watch TV together sometime.

ALBY  
 Congratulations...You've just graduated  
 from a casual conversationalist to a  
 serial killer.

CARY  
 Oh c'mon.

ALBY  
 No, you c'mon. Don't try to talk to her  
 about your basement. It's creepy. You  
 wanna get to know her not make her your  
 next victim...creep.

CARY  
 I'm sorry now I know not to say stuff  
 like that.

ALBY  
 Well let's hope so...my god.

(mocking Cary)  
 Oh, let's watch TV in my basement.

Alby gets the chills from how creepy it sounds.

CARY  
 Oh, okay I get it.

ALBY  
 ...But other than that that was good.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ENGLISH WING-OUTSIDE OF THE AUDITORIUM

Alby and Cary are getting ready to go into the auditorium to audition for Dance Company.

ALBY  
 Alright, you ready for this?

CARY  
 I'm not really-

ALBY  
 Good. You got this. You're gonna impress the tatus off of those girls. You understand me?

CARY  
 Yeah, I hear ya.

Leslie enters.

Alby can no longer be seen.

LESLIE  
 Hey Cary!

CARY  
 Hey Leslie!

LESLIE  
 What's up? Are you...auditioning?

CARY  
 I mean...yeah, totally.

Alby can now be seen standing next to Cary.

ALBY  
 Careful with the way you use totally.

LESLIE  
 That's...awesome. Well, I'll see you in there.

ALBY  
 Totally.

CARY  
 Yeah, I'll see you in there!

Leslie enters the auditorium.

ALBY  
Now, that wasn't that bad.

Cary takes a deep breath in.

CARY  
Let's do this.

Cary opens the doors to the auditorium.

INT.AUDITORIUM-CONTINUOUS

Cary walks in the room, only to see a large crowd of people surrounding someone.

CARY  
Oh, god.

ALBY  
What?

CARY  
It's Lyle Willfester.

ALBY  
Who?

CARY  
He's the best male dancer in the school. Also the biggest ladies man might I add. I completely forgot that he'd be here. This does absolutely nothing for my confidence. Just look at the way Leslie is looking at him.

We see LYLE socializing amongst the girls. He is wearing skimpy dancer clothing. He is obviously very popular.

ALBY  
Yeah, something tells me that you're okay.

CARY  
Chyeah right. My god, he's gonna wipe the floor with me.

Lyle approaches Cary.

LYLE  
Oh Cary! Are you here to audition?

CARY  
Yeah, actually I was thinking about it.

LYLE  
Oh, that's...sweet. Just some quick advice before you do.

Lyle leans in towards Cary.

LYLE  
(whispering)  
You better watch your back up in here  
friend, because if you don't...I will  
destroy you.

Cary reacts very put back and off guard.

LYLE  
Kay?! Good luck!

Lyle frolics away laughing femininely.

ALBY  
...Woah...that exchange did not go at  
all as I thought it would. He means  
business.

CARY  
I can't do this. I can't just go up  
there alone and dance in front of all  
of these people!

ALBY  
Alright, hold on now. Yes you can. I  
will be right behind you the entire  
time. Alright? Does that help?

Cary starts to nod his head.

CARY  
(calming himself down)  
Yeah, yeah, okay. That sounds good.

MR. KIM  
Alright, everyone. To start off our  
auditions I would like to have our  
males go first. Cary Greenwright!  
You're up first!

ALBY  
You ready?

CARY  
Let's do this.

As Cary and Alby head towards the stage Spader then appears out  
of nowhere, stopping Alby right in his tracks.

SPADER  
Well isn't this something. What are the  
odds we run into each other like this?

ALBY  
Spader. What are you doing here?

SPADER  
 You don't think I wouldn't be around  
 for my top charges dance company audi-  
 tion, do you? I mean come on. Who am I?  
 You.

ALBY  
 Wait, who's your kid?

Cary reaches the stage by himself. He subtly tries looking for  
 Alby who he has last track of. Cary takes a deep nervous breath.

Spader then points to none other than Lyle.

ALBY  
 (sighs)  
 Of course. Listen as much as I truly  
 loathe being in your presence, I have  
 to go dance now.

Alby starts to walk away.

SPADER  
 Your kid should just save himself the  
 embarrassment...

Alby walks back towards Spader.

ALBY  
 What did you say?

Cary is standing on the stage alone. The music begins to play  
 but he is too nervous to very much dancing at all.

SPADER  
 Listen, It's all well and good that  
 your kid is trying, but I think you  
 should give it a rest. You can always  
 send him a letter from the mailroom.

ALBY  
 Yeah, when all the chipotles in the  
 world freeze over.

SPADER  
 You know, you're right. Your kids got  
 nothing on my kid. I mean, he certainly  
 is dancing up a storm up there, isn't  
 he?

Alby turns around to face the stage. Cary stands uncomfortably  
 while full on music is playing.

The camera dramatically zooms in on Alby as he realizes his mis-  
 take.

ALBY  
 Crap.

Cary runs off the stage. Alby sulks his head down.

SPADER  
Tough break, Al. Maybe I'll come down  
to visit you in the mailroom sometime.

Spader walks away.

INT. HEAD ANGEL'S OFFICE

Bakale sits across from Alby.

BAKALE  
Alby, I'm sorry but you leave me no  
choice. As of right now I am taking you  
off Cary Greenwright and placing him in  
the lost cause bin and you in the ter-  
minated bin....annnnnd...there! I did  
it!...I think.

Bakale is squinting very much trying to figure out how to use  
the computer as he is doing it.

BAKALE  
You know where the envelopes are.  
You'll be working under Frank from here  
on out. I am off for the night. Frank  
will you just shut this computer down  
for me? I'm not gonna deal with this  
right now. I haven't even had my chi-  
potle yet today.

INT. MAILROOM - NIGHT

Alby and Frank are walking around the room, and it is obvious  
Frank is giving Alby a tour.

FRANK  
And this is where we keep the enve-  
lopes, and the letters go into this  
slot, and SOMETIMES...

Alby looks dead tired and it looks like he doesn't care.

ALBY  
UGGGHHHHHHHH.

FRANK  
Now, if you would excuse me, I have to  
go shut Bakale's computer down.

An idea strikes Alby.

ALBY  
Frank, why don't you just stay there. I  
can shut down the computer for him.

FRANK

Oh, okay, Thanks Alby!

Alby walks over to Bakale's computer. He then switches his name out of the terminated bin and back on to Cary's service. He clicks on the button that says "activate".

We then see Frank turn around and Alby is now gone.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM—SAME DAY

Cary has just gone to the bathroom and turns to the sink where he see Alby.

CARY  
AHH!

ALBY  
Hey.

CARY  
What do you think you're doing here?

ALBY  
I'm here to fix you.

CARY  
You've done enough.

ALBY  
Oh, just drop it already. You're a mess and we both know that you want to put on those dancing shoes in your bag and impress Leslie.

CARY  
No I don't. She, along with everybody else, thinks I'm a fool. Where were you?! You said that you would be right beside me the entire time!

ALBY  
Look, I get it. I'm on the wrong end of this argument. I suck. I have made mistakes for years and years, and not once have I come back to apologize. You're the first. I broke a lot of rules just to say sorry. I finally care about my student, and YOU are my student. And my friend...kind of. You're going to get up on that stage, and you're going to dance your ever-loving heart out up there. Now, what do you say?

CARY  
I say let's dance.

ALBY  
Let's do this.

INT. AUDITORIUM- AFTER SCHOOL

MR. KIM and the dance co. girls are all getting ready to leave after rehearsals/auditions. Until Cary goes up to Mr. Kim.

CARY

Excuse me. Do you think it would be okay if I get one more shot at an audition?

MR. KIM

No! We do not have re-tryouts!

Alby is suddenly standing right next to Cary.

ALBY

(pretends to cough)

The flannel, give him the flannel.

Cary pulls out a flannel shirt from his bag.

CARY

Are you sure? This flannel shirt sure would look nice on you...

Kim stares at it for a minute, then smiles and takes it.

MR. KIM

Of course you can audition again!

As Cary and Alby walk towards the stage they are met by Lyle and Spader.

LYLE

(to Cary)

Eww, What are you doing back here? Why don't you go take your awkward dancing to a middle school dance where it belongs!

CARY

Beat it, meathead. I've got some dancing to do.

Alby continues to walk right passed Spader without saying a word. Spader tries to keep up with him.

SPADER

What are you doing back here?! Oh, I am going to make sure that Bakale finds out about this! Are you listening to me!?

ALBY

Listen, Frodo, You've been on my back for some odd 200 years now. Talking down to me to make yourself feel bigger. Well I'm done with it! It's time to face the music...because it's loud and has fantastic choreography. Now Good day to you sir.

Alby stores away.

SPADER  
(too offended for  
words)

Well!

Cary is now fully prepared to dance. He signals to Alby who has positioned himself in the tech both. Alby starts the music.

Cary begins doing this very intense well choreographed dance which impresses Mr. Kim and Leslie.

Alby is cheering him on on the side of the stage sporadically through out his dance.

#### SIDE OF STAGE

Bakale and Spader appear next to Alby.

BAKALE  
Alright Alby, It may have taken me all day but I figured out what you did to my computer to get yourself back here. Let's go.

ALBY  
Just let him finish the song.

Cary has finished his dance. He looks over to the side of the stage to see Alby. Alby gives a proud nod of approval.

Mr. Kim and all of the dance co. girls stand up and applaud.

Lyle gets up and leaves the auditorium.

SPADER  
You can't be serious!

Spader walks away defeated.

Leslie runs up to Cary.

LESLIE  
That was amazing!

CARY  
Thanks!

LESLIE  
So, do you watch Dancing With The Stars  
at all?

CARY  
Yeah.

LESLIE  
I have a TV in my basement, would you  
want to come over sometime and watch  
with me?

Cary looks over at Alby and gives him a "I told you so" look,  
and Alby shrugs and smiles.

Cary smiles and him and Leslie walk away together.

We then see Cary and Leslie's confrontation from the perspective  
of Alby and Bakale who are not far away but can't be seen by  
Cary.

BAKALE  
You did a good job, Alby.

ALBY  
I did, didn't I?

BAKALE  
But Frank could use some help in the  
mailroom so...

ALBY  
What?!

BAKALE  
I'm just kidding! C'mon, let's get out  
of here. Do you think they have a chi-  
potle down here?

FADE OUT.